

JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1980

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY



MRS. HELEN MANSFIELD HUNT PRESENTS PORTRAIT OF HER FATHER TO THE INSTITUTE

During a brief presentation ceremony at the November, 1979 meeting of the Institute Board of Managers, Mr. John Winslow, President of the Board made the following remarks:

"We are glad to welcome Helen Mansfield Hunt at our meeting today. She is no stranger to the Institute, being the daughter of the Reverend Archibald Romaine Mansfield, the central figure of the Institute for thirty nine years. Today, within these walls he is a real presence because his spirit and his energy are here enshrined.

"In 1934 at the time of his death "The New York Times" published the following editorial:

Many ships at sea should have their flags at half-mast today, for there's scarce a sailor who ever visited our port who has not good reason to remember gratefully his friend DR. MANSFIELD. Thousands in many ports join in mourning his passing. Like MASEFIELD, who gave himself to telling his tales and fashioning his songs not for "princes and prelates" but for "the sailor, the stoker of steamers" and those in the rain and the cold, DR. MANSFIELD devoted himself specifically to the sailor, the "unloved child of our civilization," so often homeless and friendless. Beginning with the little mission house in Pike Street at whose foot the Floating Church of Our Saviour in the East River was moored, he not only prayed and preached for the sailor but fought for him against mercenary and vicious forces that once made this "the worst seaport for seamen in the world." He left it the best. His was a field of sea and land in which any man with love of his fellow-man could wish to serve. Such a light was not there before his coming as now shines from the Seamen's Church Institute.

Editorial, New York Times
February 13, 1934

Mr. Winslow continued ...



Mrs. Hunt unveils portrait

The Seamen's Church Institute of New York and New Jersey, an agency of the Episcopal Church in the Diocese of New York, is a unique organization devoted to the well-being and special interests of active merchant seamen.

More than 300,000 such seamen of all nationalities, races and creeds come into the Port of New York every year. To many of them the Institute is their shore center in port and remains their polestar while they transit the distant oceans of the earth.

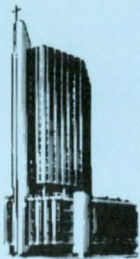
First established in 1834 as a floating chapel in New York harbor, the Institute offers a wide range of recreational, educational, and special services for the mariner, including counseling and the help of five chaplains in emergency situations.

More than 3,500 ships with over 140,000 men aboard annually put in at Pts. Newark/Elizabeth, N.J., where time ashore is extremely limited.

Here in the very middle of the huge sprawling Pts. Newark/Elizabeth pulsing with activity of container-shipping, SCI has provided an oasis known as the Mariners' International Center which offers seamen a recreational center especially constructed, designed and operated in a special way for the very special needs of the men. An outstanding feature is a soccer field (lighted by night) for games between ship teams.

Although 63% of the overall Institute budget is met by income from seamen and the public, the cost of special services comes from endowments and contributions. Contributions are tax-deductible.

The Program of the Institute



Seamen's Church Institute of New York and New Jersey
15 State Street
New York, N.Y.



Mariners' International Center (SCI)
Ports Newark/Elizabeth, N.J.

The LOOKOUT

Vol. 71 No. 1 JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1980

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY

15 State Street, New York, N.Y. 10004
Telephone: (212) 269-2710

The Right Reverend Paul Moore, Jr., S.T.D., D.D., *Honorary President*

John G. Winslow, *President*

The Rev. James R. Whittemore, *Director*

Carlyle Windley, *Editor*

US ISSN 0024-6425

Published bi-monthly with exception of May and December when monthly. Contributions to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and New Jersey of \$5.00 or more include a year's subscription to The Lookout. Single copies 50¢. Additional postage for Canada, Latin America, Spain, \$1.00; other foreign, \$3.00. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y.



“Miss Dorothy Drew, a noted New York artist, painted a beautiful portrait of Dr. Mansfield which Mrs. Hunt has purchased and generously presented to the Institute. Mrs. Hunt is today accompanied by her step-son Eric Hunt, Jr. her sister-in-law Mrs. Joachim Wehly, and Miss Drew.

“Father Whittemore will now say a prayer after which Mrs. Hunt has graciously consented to unveil the portrait of her father.”

About the Artist

Although a young woman at the time she painted the portrait of Dr. Mansfield, Dorothy Drew's work had already established her as a painter of uncommon merit. Today, she is considered one of the nation's foremost portrait painters and one of the very few who has mastered and employs the Rubens technique at painting.

Because Miss Drew is always busy in her studio and not given to interviews, we asked her to list some of the people whom she has painted. She agreed and in a few days we received the following note:

“Among the many notables who have sat for me are: Virginia Supreme Court Justice Richard Poff, Rhoda Duveen the niece of Lord Duveen of Milbank, Mrs. Henry J. Duveen, Mrs. Carter Burgess, Dr. John Dewey, Miss Lillian Gish, the late R. H. Smith — then President of the Norfolk and Western Railroad, Miss Helen Keller and Mrs. Anne Sullivan Macy, Eleanor Roosevelt, Will Rogers, Hon. George A. Dondero — now hanging in the Public Works Committee of the U.S. Congress, the former President of Mexico, Pasqual Ortiz-Rubio, Mr. Sherman Fairchild, Mrs. Robert Sarnoff and many others.

“I have painted hundreds of portraits, almost five hundred. While I am proud of those in public collections — I put great value on those hanging in the beautiful homes of my sitters. At Middleton Gardens in Charleston, my portrait of the late Mrs. Charles H. Duell, now in the possession of her son Charles Duell, is a lovely work. The three generations of the Beverly family at Blandfield Plantation on the Rappahannock in Virginia, I love — also several at Rochambeau Plantation in Goochland. In the Carter Burgess' new home in Virginia are portraits of four or five generations of his family. The Andrews-Bassett collection in Virginia has five generations of the family painted by me. Four painted from life and one from a photograph. I could go on and on about the lovely families with my portraits; but, however, as you know, one portrait that I have cherished most is Dr. Mansfield. I have always loved it but because of Helen and the Institute, I think it has found a good home.

Hastily,
Dorothy D.”



A recent portrait by Miss Drew

Perhaps one of the greatest compliments to Miss Drew's talent and dedication as an artist was made by the dean of American art critics, Thomas Craven who wrote:

“Through the passing years, Dorothy Drew has practiced the art of portraiture with a distinction rare indeed in the annals of modern painting. Without promotion or the blandishments of publicity, she has given us a large gallery of pictures executed by a standard of splendor and excellence almost non-existent among the spasms of abstract-expressionism and the absurdities of the contraptionists. A swift and certain technician, with an unerring eye for likenesses, she has endowed her subjects with radiance and charm — and genuine charm is one of the rarest qualities possessed by painters. It is a natural blessing wedded to expert craftsmanship, and subtle understanding, and it cannot be acquired by an act of will or by labor alone.

“Equally at ease among adults of both sexes and children, Dorothy Drew reaches the summits in her portrayals, informing them with vigor, freshness, loveliness or the wonder of childhood — and since Gainsborough not realized on canvas by more than a few artists worth remembering.”

NAUTICAL GALA A GREAT SUCCESS

From the opening of the new Visitors Center to the after dinner cabaret with its sweeping view of the New York harbor, it was truly a memorable occasion for the 300 guests who came to the Battery to enjoy a nautical evening at the Institute.

In addition to previewing the Visitors Center, there was a reception in the Joseph Conrad Library hosted by Mr. and Mrs. R. Thornton Wilson, Jr. — Chairmen

of the benefit Nautical Gala, tours of the Merchant Marine and MARAD Radar Schools, dinner impeccably prepared and served by Glorious Foods — New York's famed caterer of *la nouvelle cuisine*; and, following dinner, a cabaret in the fifth floor Harbor Room. Students from the Juilliard School of Music provided the entertainment and the suave, young Alex Donner and his orchestra played for dancing.

During the evening, Mrs. Wilson, graciously consented to draw the winning



Mrs. R. Thornton Wilson, Jr.
and Mrs. David E.P. Lindh, Jr.



Mrs. Orme Wilson, Mrs. Sheldon Whitehouse and Mr. J. Nelson Borland. Both Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Whitehouse have been Institute friends of longstanding, and Mrs. Wilson's late husband was a member of the Institute Board of Managers from 1910-1966, serving as a vice-president for 32 years.

numbers for the Nautical Raffle. The top prize was a first-class fly-sail New York — Southampton cruise for two aboard the luxurious QE 2, courtesy of Cunard Lines — a longstanding friend of the Institute.

Tiffany & Co. provided a plentifully supplied pouch of gift coins for another lucky winner and others won a rare steamship poster or antique ship models.

Co-Chairmen for the event were Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Lash, Mr. and Mrs. John D.

McComber and Mr. and Mrs. John G. Winslow*. Approximately \$40,000 was realized from the gala evening and the proceeds will be matched in equal amount by the Vincent Astor Foundation under the terms of a \$1-million dollar Astor Challenge Grant recently awarded the Institute.

* Mrs. Macomber and Messrs. Lash, Wilson and Winslow are members of the Institute Board of Managers.



Mr. and Mrs. Alan T.
Schumacher (left and right)
and Mr. and Mrs. John
A. Roosevelt.



Mr. and Mrs. C.C. Tung



Mr. and Mrs. John G. Winslow



Mrs. Brooke Astor



A shipmodel weathervane from a former SCI building is but one of numerous maritime artifacts selected for this exhibit from the Institute collection.

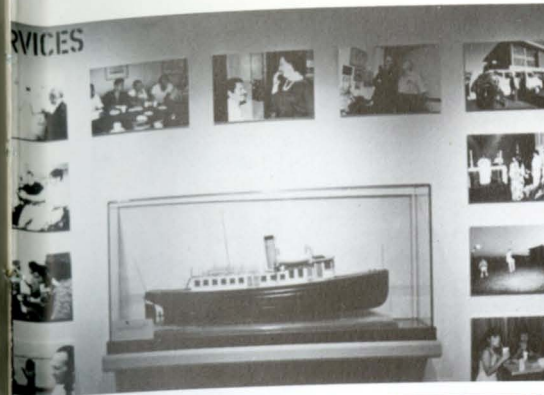
NEW VISITORS CENTER OFFERS NOVEL WAY TO LEARN ABOUT WORK OF INSTITUTE

Following the Gala preview on the evening of November 28, the Institute's new Visitors Center formally opened to the public. Its first show, "Sailing Vessels to Superships" highlights both the work of the Institute and the world of merchant shipping through an inventive combination of ship models, marine art, seamen's crafts, photographs and documents from the Institute collection. Among the highlights are a giant supergraphic on sailcloth depicting prototype merchant vessels, drawn to scale, from the 15th century to the present and a fully loaded cut-away model of the Barber Steamship Line's new vessel the *Dana Caribia* which illustrates the unique features demanded of today's specialized vessels.

The Visitors Center was made possible in part by the Seamen's Bank for Savings who has supported the work of the Institute for more than 140 years. The Center is open 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. all week and admission is free although contributions are welcome.

Contingent upon additional funding, the Center will feature a continuing series of exhibits on the work of the Institute, and the seafarers and industry it serves.

A model of the first floating chapel plus other illustrations and Institute documents summarize the early history of the Institute.

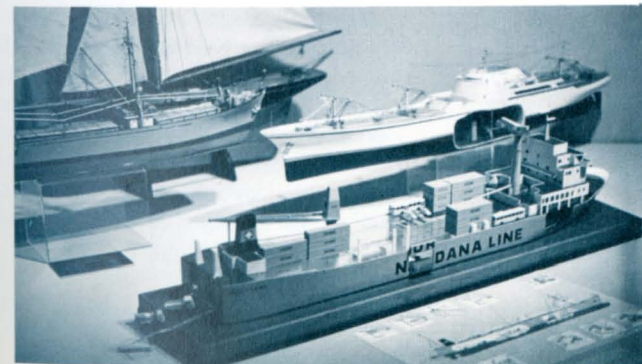
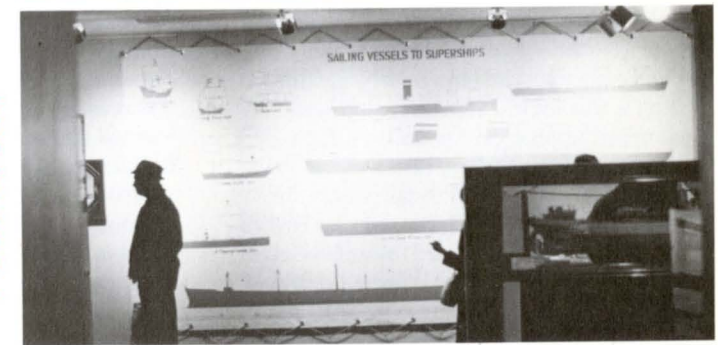


Color photographs, illustrating some of the Institute's many current services for seafarers, surround the model of a motor launch used by ship visitors in the early 1900's.

Nautical instruments, textbooks and other training aids help to explain the importance of SCI's merchant marine and evening maritime transportation schools.



Depicting many of the prototype oceangoing vessels important to the maritime history of the nation, the giant supergraphic Sailing Vessels to Superships sets the theme of the current exhibit.



Cutaway model of the *Dana Caribia* a new multi-purpose SuperCarrier in the Barber Blue Sea fleet. Among the vessel's unique features is an angled stern ramp wide enough to allow for two lanes of freight traffic. The model is on loan for this exhibition courtesy of Barber Steamship Lines.

In keeping with the dedication of Dr. Mansfield's portrait, we are pleased to present an excerpt from the unpublished autobiography of the late Dr. James Dougal Bissell — noted physician/surgeon and close friend of Dr. Mansfield.

Dr. Bissell was born near Charleston, S.C. in 1864. He graduated from Medical School, University of Maryland and came to New York to practice medicine. The first of his family to leave the South so soon after the Civil War, he later appropriately entitled his autobiography, *James, The Rebel Boy*.

The following portion of this autobiography was made available to us by Dr. Bissell's son, Mr. Nicol Bissell, and we gratefully acknowledge his permission to print this excerpt in *the Lookout*.

DR. BISSELL MEETS THE REVEREND MANSFIELD

It was some time during the first year of this new life that a tall, slender, handsome, clerically dressed young man was sent to James (Bissell) by Doctor Cleveland to seek advice regarding a member of his family.

An intimate friendship was soon formed, which became closer as each year went by. The young man had but recently graduated from a theological seminary and was launched upon a career unusual for a clergyman. His father, also a clergyman, lived in a small inland town, where he himself grew up. While his passion was to work in and for the Church, he appreciated the limitations of clerical efforts if confined to a country parish. It was a fortunate moment for the sea-faring people of the world, particularly for those before the mast, when one day this young clergyman took a stroll along South Street, then the great shipping waterfront of New York. Here were sights to be remembered by all who saw them, but the old New Yorkers were accustomed to them and because of their familiarity with them, accepted them

as conditions natural and inevitable. It was not so with this impressionable, keen minded, far sighted young clergyman, who was filled with a humane longing to help his fellow man. He was revolted by the open and the hidden evils about him. He saw the sailor as an unprotected, misguided child, stripped of his earnings and crushed by the "land shark." He saw that unintelligent social work had accomplished nothing. He learned the general verdict regarding the hopelessness of these conditions, but refused to accept it, declaring that they could and must be changed. Practical humane ideas began to evolve in his mind. He became consumed by them and to them he consecrated his energies in triumph to the end.

It was James's privilege to know, intimately, the Reverend Archibald R. Mansfield from eighteen ninety five to nineteen thirty four. When this association began, Mr. Mansfield lived in one of the old residences on Pike Street, at one time a fashionable location, but then in the slum section near the East River. Here he had established his headquarters as Superintendent of the Seaman's Church Institute of New York. The little church in



SCI Floating Chapel of Our Saviour moored at the foot of Pike Street, N.Y.C.

From SCI glass slide collection.

which he did his preaching, was built upon an old ferry boat, if James's memory is right, and was moored at a dock near the end of the street. This mission began its work among the sailors in eighteen forty four and in its early middle life, the floating churches, of which there had been three, was its unique feature.

Pike Street was very far downtown in eighteen ninety five, in the sense that it took a long time to get there from west Thirty Eighth Street where James lived. New York had no subways then and the distance had to be travelled by elevated and surface cars. As James could make social visits at night only, the difficulties were increased because the night cars, particularly on returning after midnight, were few and far between. The old Broadway surface car or Sixth Avenue elevated would take him as far as Chambers Street, then he would have to change and wait for a very slow old horse car going east, then travel north paralleling the river until Pike Street was

crossed. Many happy evenings were spent in discussing each others affairs and life in general. Both were bachelors then. But it was not long before the picture changed in this respect, regarding Mr. Mansfield. James had the privilege of attending a member of Mr. Mansfield's family in the Pike Street house. The nurse upon the case was an intimate friend of the patient and soon became an intimate friend and the devoted wife of Mr. Mansfield. James became their medical advisor and confidant from then on.

Mr. Mansfield's idea of a plan to make the mission a growing thing, of vital use to seamen, was based upon several conceptions, namely, that as the port of New York was one of the greatest ports in the world, the mission should be conducted upon a broad base; that for a plan to appeal to men who daily meet the



Crewmen at the turn of the century.

From SCI glass slide collection.

rough sides of life, it should follow a practical course; that to gain the confidence of these men he must meet each as man to man in an understanding humane spirit; that he must know their trials, temptations and the abuses to which they were subjected, then only could he think from their standpoint and talk in their language; that as they were in the clutch of evil forces and had been, as a class, from the dawn of history, he, Mr. Mansfield, must become equipped to fight their battles for them, for they were as helpless in such combat as children. What did this all mean? It meant that Mr. Mansfield had to beat the lodging houses of the slums at their own game. These dens of iniquity, with the connivance of a corrupt police system, reaped their harvests when

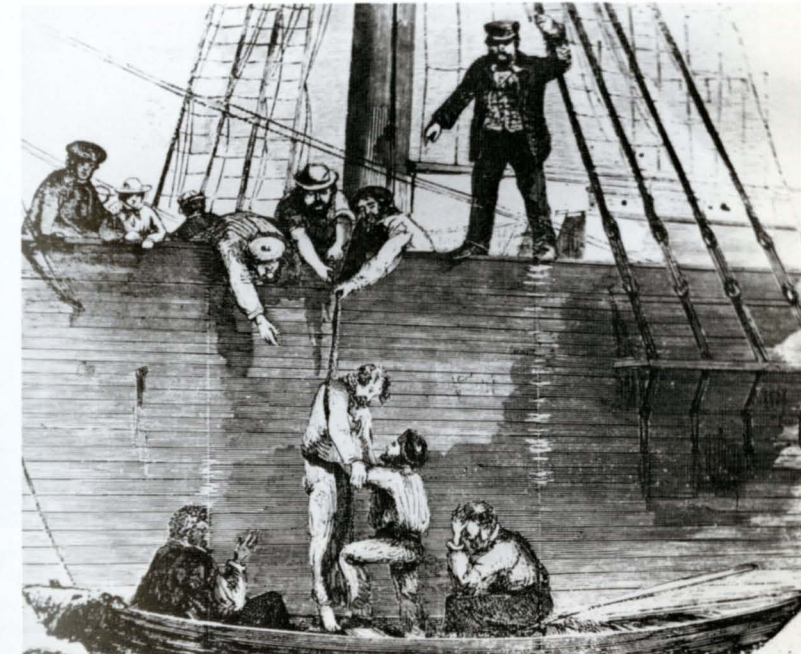
seamen came to port. Not only did they cheat the sailors by overcharging, but they preyed upon them while they were stupidly or helplessly intoxicated. The sailors knew no place or person they could trust so they kept their small pay in their pockets. They knew no place to pass the time, save in low barrooms or houses of prostitution, and, after these visits, with spirits high or low as may be, they became easy victims to "sharpers" and then perhaps still more overpowered by liquor, staggered to their rooms to sleep it off where the "handy man" found no difficulty in "stripping them to the bone." But that was not all. The shanghai gangs were ever active and quick to resent with a murderer's hatred any interference with their game. They worked hand in hand with the barrooms and lodging houses gathering their toll from the helpless sailors. Against them this one man,

Archibald Mansfield, worked boldly, fearlessly and intelligently. They fought to the bitter end but fought with fear beside them. He fought straight with telling blows and as those villains knew not how to ward them off, they lost the fight. Mr. Mansfield entertained no illusions about the character of the personnel he had to handle. He was big and strong and did not hesitate to apply his strength if that alone was the way to gain respect. Mr. Mansfield believed that there were many ways of approach to the best in a man, that with a tough man, rough handling might be necessary to gain respect. He never lost his head in meeting difficult situations of this character. After the outcome of physical or verbal arguments he was let alone by the man who feared him and trusted by the man who appreciated him. The first he was glad to be rid of because he

obstructed the way to his goal. He fostered the trust of the second for it was the material with which he planned to work.

When Mr. Mansfield took charge of the mission it was stagnant. The floating church idea had outlived its usefulness. It had ceased to be an influence of great moment in the lives of the sailors, and this Mr. Mansfield realized. In sixteen years, the project which before had been of local benefit only, became one of world wide influence for the betterment of every sailor on land and sea. As the result of his stupendous work there is today on South Street, a great, broad, towering monument of brick and stone to his intelligent and humane work. It overlooks the East River and the Bay. Within its walls there is an orderly and well

"Shanghaied" seaman being handled aboard ship.



conducted Institution which meets the every need of the sailors, helps them to find employment and advises them on all matters pertaining to their personal and moral welfare. Under this one great roof there will be found spacious and comfortable sleeping quarters at moderate prices, a large and beautiful Chapel, a bank, a theater, a library, a restaurant, training schools, rest rooms, shops and store rooms for duffle bags and trunks. With this constructive force behind him Mr. Mansfield furnished the sailors a home, made them self respecting men and thus wiped out the sailors' slums. The Institute is now world famed, it is known and loved wherever a sailor may be and with its fame is inseparably linked the name of Archibald Mansfield, with whom the Rebel Boy grew up in intimate friendship for nearly forty years.

J. D. B. — 1935



Earlier Institute building at 25 South Street, N.Y.C. — 1913-1967

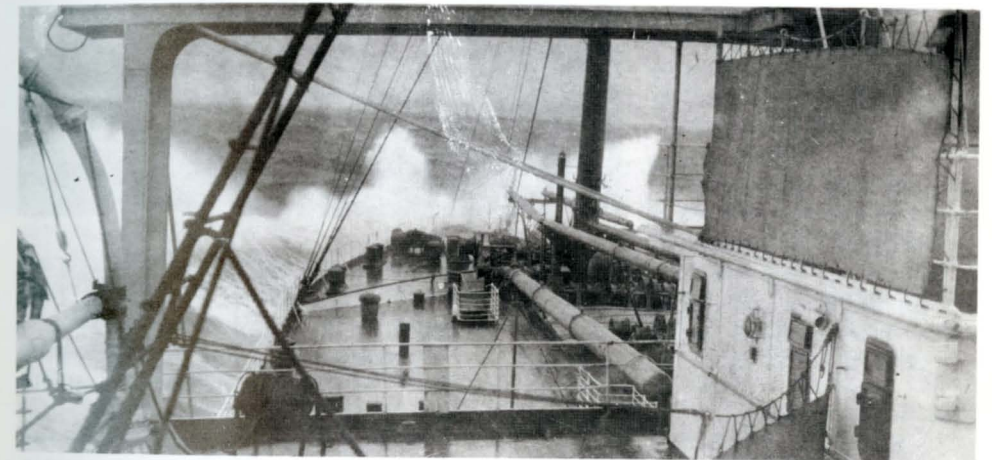
NIGHTMARE ON THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

By Clyde W. Burnett

Jim Holiday turned up the collar on his London Fog jacket and hunched his shoulders into the wind as he paced about the wharf at Dunkirk, France. The train from Paris had been 15 minutes late but the ferry from Dover was still not in sight.

Between the cracks and pops of his transistor radio, he managed to catch snatches of the weather report from BBC in London. Shipping in the Channel had slowed to a snail's pace because of high seas and heavy fog.

"Wonder if I should call it off and take the Express back to Paris," he mumbled, "Got only a few minutes to decide."



Suddenly there was a distant W-o-o-o-u-p! And seconds later another W-u-u-u-p-h. Jim squinched his eyes. The dimmest outline of *Le Cherbourg* emerged from the fog as she churned up and down among the white caps.

"Got this far. Might as well get back to London," he muttered.

Eventually the old hull eased between the squeaking pilings and tied up dockside.

Judging by the solemn faces and lack of conversation among some of the waiting passengers, they must have shared his uneasiness about this crossing. Fear is universal, he thought, as he studied the expression on the face of an elderly French woman who sat clutching her luggage.

The bulk of the passengers, however, were young people — English students returning from winter holidays in France. It made Jim conscious of his own forty-plus years and graying temples as he listened to their light-hearted chatter.

Within less than 40 minutes, Cherbourg's namesake began to shudder and vibrate as she cleared the wharf and slowly turned in the harbor for the return crossing. It didn't take the shoreline long to fade from sight after *Le Cherbourg* cleared the last breakwater to brave the worst ocean turbulence Jim could remember. And that was saying something, considering the three years he had spent as a merchant seaman.

Later as he braced himself with one hand and wiped a steamy window with the palm of the other, a young man paused near him and commented, "I say there, have you ever seen such bloody awful seas?"

"Can't say that I have."

"An American, I believe. Are you from Canada or the States?"

"New York ... Buffalo. I've seen it get pretty rough on Lake Erie and Ontario but nothing like this."

"Well now, you must realize the Great Lakes don't have two, maybe three meter swells rolling in from the Atlantic and

meeting currents from the North Sea. Doesn't happen often, you know, but when it does it makes for frightful crossings."

"Which is another reason your Prime Minister and France's President should get their heads together and give the go-ahead on that railroad tunnel under the Channel," Jim commented wryly. "They give it enough coverage in the London press."

"True ... quite true. Perhaps your President Jimmy Carter could give us a



long term, low-interest loan. I'll wager it's a more worthy project than some of the things he spends your tax money on."

"I'll speak with him about it when I get back to the States ... Say, why all that fog horn blowing?"

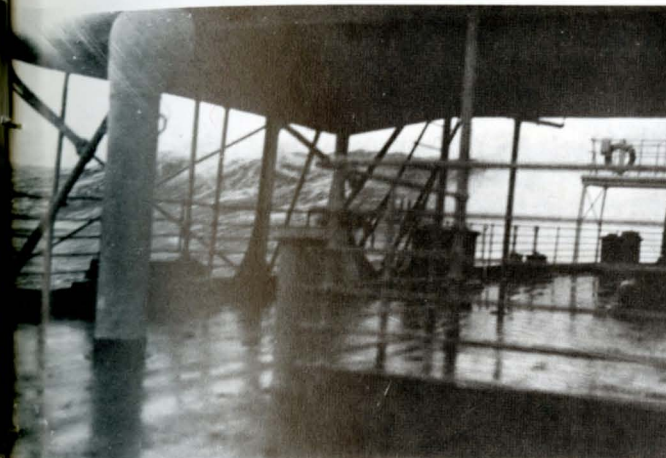
Suddenly there was a terrible crash and all went black — as black as when a fuse is blown on a dark night. He had no idea how long he had been unconscious when he cracked one eye open. He was lying on the floor in the lounge with a cushion under his

head.

As his world slowly came into focus, he recognized the outline on his right as a female form with a sheet pulled over her head. He rolled his throbbing head to the other side. Another body lay within arms reach with a French navy jacket pulled up over the face.

The boat's engines were now silent as *Le Cherbourg* wallowed helplessly in the center of the English Channel.

"Is the boat sinking?" he hoarsely asked



the gentleman who leaned over him with a stethoscope.

"No, but we are taking in a bit of water, I'm afraid. A blasted Liberian freighter side-swiped us you know.

Jim didn't know, but he reached up with his good arm and grasped the doctor's wrist. "How bad am I hurt, Doc?"

"Relax ol' boy. You did take a nasty blow on the head, I must say, and your left shoulder seems to be bruised rather badly; but I can assure you, you'll recover."

The gentleman with the thin features and Oxford accent then gave Jim a shot in the left shoulder and disappeared. There were other injured passengers who needed attention.

Within seconds Jim was in a semi-conscious dream world and he wondered what the doctor had used in that needle. He was barely aware of a slight jerk of the vessel as it began moving again. From the loud conversation around him however, he knew she was being towed to

Dover by the Liberian freighter with whom she had collided.

Shortly before reaching the Dover harbor, his dreamy reverie began to dissolve. The dull throbbing gradually returned to his head and the pain in his left shoulder was worse than ever.

"What's that noise?" he gasped as he attempted to raise his head. No mistaking it. It was the whup-whup-whup of a helicopter and it was getting closer.

Only minutes later, the doctor returned hurriedly followed by two stretcher

bearers. In moments, he was strapped onto the stretcher and carried on deck beneath the giant chopper which hovered some twenty feet above like a strange giant bird.

With characteristic English cool and efficiency, Jim's stretcher was secured to the end of two ropes with hooks on the ends that extended down from the belly of the chopper and he was hoisted up through the opening. Three more injured persons were similarly rescued from the ill-fated craft

below and then the chopper lifted off like a released balloon. It leaned steeply into the western wind as it crossed over the harbor, the cluttered waterfront and many rooftops before descending to the yard of an old building with a faded red cross painted on the roof.

Hurried medical examination in the emergency room indicated Jim was not in critical condition, but little time was lost getting him into one of the wards.

Almost two hours had elapsed since tragedy struck on the Channel but more tests and follow-up tests were to be made.

When a pleasantly chubby young nurse slipped a thermometer under his tongue, he removed it with his good hand and motioned for her to come closer.

"Excuse me, Miss, but I just wanted to say Someone up there had to be looking out for me this afternoon."

The student nurse replied with an understanding smile as she left the room.

* * *

The above story is based on a newspaper account of a collision between a Liberian freighter and an English Channel ferry last winter. Two persons were killed and four others were injured in the mishap.

Note: The photographs illustrating the article were reproduced from three postcards recently given the Institute by Mrs. Samuel Hardcastle. The three postcards were obtained by her parents when they crossed the Atlantic aboard the R.M.S. Baltic in the 1930's. The cards are unique additions to our extensive collection of ships' postcards maintained by our Joseph Conrad Library. We are most appreciative of Mrs. Hardcastle's gift and welcome all additions to this important pictorial collection. All cards can be sent to the attention of the Editor, *Lookout*, 15 State Street, New York City 10004.

Thank you.

Recommended Reading ...

TWENTY SINGING SEAMEN

Selected by Ronald Hope.

Marine Society, 1979.

Sea stories and nautical "adventures" seem to appear on library shelves with the frequency of barnacles on a ship's keel. Thus, it is of great interest to find a collection of short stories written entirely about seamen — by seamen. The source of these stories is the annual competition, now over thirty years old, run for merchant seamen by the *Seafarer*, the magazine of the British Marine Society. Contrary to popular belief, seamen are often talented in a variety of pursuits, and this chorus of Mates, ABs, Radio Officers, etc., demonstrates that writing is certainly one.

As with any hazardous occupation that opposes man with nature, and man with machines, going to sea often produces dramatic and suspenseful confrontations. Whether trapped in a ship's tank, or fighting to stay afloat in a raging North Atlantic storm, several stories show a common concern for individual safety and welfare at sea. Yet, there is a good deal of humor that lightens every voyage. The assortment of animals and would-be ghosts that frequent other stories simply makes for good fun.

Above all, these stories are told with compassion, by seamen about their brethren, as only an insider could know. From this perspective, these stories are indeed unique and worthwhile reading.

ROBERT WOLK
SCI Library Services

Seamen's Church Institute of N.Y. and N.J.
15 State Street
New York, N.Y. 10004

Address Correction Requested

SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID
AT NEW YORK, N.Y.

SEAWAY

Sound not the depths for anchorage, but ways
To launch a foundered craft still set to sail
Beyond the sunny shores of quiet bays,
Its mended canvas bellied on a gale;
Its keel a plow whose furrows curl and steam
In seas where trough is matrix to the crest.
Chart a course along the North Star's beam
Or south by moon; by sun, plot east or west.
Taste the salt ... inhale the searing cold ...
Dream, dream of what you can't in memory name
That fills the darkened corners of the hold
And lives like moths around a candle's flame.
With land apart and starboard calling free
Haul the wind! Put out again to sea!

Grace Wilson